

*Hinch*

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# THE MANITOBAN

LITERATURE : ART : SCIENCE : STUDENT ACTIVITIES



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF  
THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

SOCIETIES : SPORTS : NEWS : NOTES

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# THE MANITOBAN

A MONTHLY JOURNAL PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

Vol. II.

Winnipeg, November, 1915

No. 2

## YPRES

*By Professor Boyd, R.A.M.C.*

In the middle of the plain of Flanders there stands a town once busy, populous, happy, adorned by buildings that were famous for their beauty even in that land of beautiful buildings, encircled by walls that had often held at bay the invader of old. Now it is empty, desolate, forsaken, a mouldering graveyard where lie the bodies of those of its inhabitants who delayed too long to flee, and of the soldiers who gave their lives to hold it inviolate against overwhelming odds.

There is no place in the British line, nor for that matter in the whole of France or Belgium, which makes such a direct appeal to the imagination as Ypres, for nowhere has the fighting been so desperate and bloody, nowhere has the destruction been so complete and absolute, nowhere is the evidence of the terror and savagery of war so evident, so overwhelming.

It was my privilege to visit Ypres many times, and some of my experiences there, especially at night, were of a somewhat exciting nature, but it is my first and second visits that live most in my memory. Before I attempt to describe these, however, let us first recall some of the main points in the military history of the town in the present war.

Ypres, the ancient capital of Flanders, is situated at the northernmost extremity of the British line. If that line were continued straight north from Hill 60 it would very nearly pass through the town, but at that point it makes a sudden bend east, thus forming the famous salient which no efforts of the enemy have succeeded in crushing. The town is surrounded by massive walls, and outside all runs a deep moat. In the centre of the town is the Grand Place, where stands the matchless 14th century Cloth Hall and the Cathedral, a group of buildings which is nowhere surpassed for beauty and nobility. During the first three months of the war the town was untouched, although during the latter part of that time well within range of the enemy's guns, a piece of clemency on the part of the Germans which was certainly not disinterested. At the beginning of November came the first battle of Ypres, when the Prussian Guard, under the eyes of their Kaiser, made their supreme effort to break through the British line, a line at that time so thin that the very regimental cooks were sent up to the fire trenches as a last support, and the Commander-in-Chief himself hastened to the spot to direct the defence. All the world knows how that

supreme effort failed. Immediately afterwards the German heavy guns were directed on the Cloth Hall and Cathedral, and proceeded deliberately and relentlessly, ohne Hast und ohne Rast, to pound them to pieces. The town itself was for the most part spared, and all winter the inhabitants continued to live there; thousands of troops were billeted in the houses, and many of the larger buildings were used as hospitals. This was the condition of affairs when I paid my first visit there in April. In May came the great gas attack and the second battle of Ypres in which the Canadians won undying fame, and all through those terrible days the enemy kept pouring such a hail of high explosive and incendiary shells into the town that the place was converted into a shambles, was gutted by fire from end to end, and was left a charred and smoking ruin. "The cormorant and the bittern shall possess it, the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it, and he shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness."

It was in April of this year that I first visited Ypres, and I found it in very much the same condition that it had been all winter. The streets were full of civilians and military, the shops were open, the houses in the residential quarter were inhabited, hospitals were carrying on their work, wagons and cars were moving in all directions, everywhere there was a feeling of life and stir. Only in the Grand Place the glorious buildings stood blackened, shattered, a monument to the brutality and savagery of "Kultur." The predominant feeling, however, was one of interest and curiosity rather than of sadness and desolation, and all the time the life of the town was before one's eyes.

In June I again visited the town, the same place, but alas, how different! It was like entering some city of the dead, some ancient Egyptian or Assyrian town which for centuries had lain under the sand and had at last been brought to light by the spade of the excavator, a place so full of the splendour of the past, but so desolate, so utterly forsaken, that it simply overwhelmed the beholder. I walked along those ghastly echoing streets without meeting a single soul, save for a small patrol of military police. I stopped and listened for some human sound, some sign of life, but in that city of the dead there was not a footfall on the pavement, not a rattle of a wheel on the street, not the sound of a voice, or the bark of a dog, or the bang of a door, nothing but that all prevailing silence, and the smell of mortar and death in the air. Suddenly

the silence was broken by a sound, a long drawn-out scream, followed by a dull heavy boom—the big German shells were beginning to fall in the town. I pushed on rapidly to the Grand Place. A few weeks before the square was full of bustle and life, crowds of soldiers, officers on horseback, transport wagons, numbers of civilians. But now the great square was empty and deserted, save for a mouldering heap of dead horses in one corner. Of the busy shops not a trace was left, and looking up one of the principal streets that run out of the square I could see nothing but crumbling, blackened walls, without roofs or chimneys or doors or windows. Standing in the centre of that shattered city one

could almost “hear the beating of the wings of the Angel of Death”—nay the Angel of Death had passed over and left nothing but that dreadful silence.

Not a cry, not a sound, not a life, not a mouse,  
Only the stillness of the great graveyards,  
Only the crosses, the crooked wooden crosses  
On the wide, lonely plain.

Not a man, not a cat, not a dog, not a soul,  
Only a flight of crows along the railway line,  
The sound of our boots on the muddy road,  
And, along the Yser, the twinkling fires.

## THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

*Prof. W. F. Osborne, M.A.*

A month's stay which I made in Edmonton this last Summer was an eye-opener to me as a resident of Winnipeg and Manitoba. In not a few respects Edmonton is ahead of Winnipeg as a city, and Alberta is ahead of Manitoba as a Province. The situation of Edmonton is by much the finest in the three prairie Provinces, and I was strongly impressed with the effect that mere site has on the public temper. There is a certain tendency to individualism and to reaction in a flat, undiversified location; and, equally, there is an undeniable challenge to enterprise, and public spirit, in a bold and varied landscape. The lofty banks of the Saskatchewan offer a fine opportunity for strategic treatment, which the Government of Alberta and the people of Edmonton have not been slow to avail themselves of. The MacDonald Hotel of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, rising in a sort of frowning grandeur above the Saskatchewan; the domed Provincial Capitol, standing close to the original Hudson Bay Post; the impressive High Level Bridge, linking North and South Edmonton; the palatial Government House, commanding a long vista of the lordly river; and the University Buildings, at last rescued from mediocrity by the handsome new Arts Building, constitute a group of constructions that at once lift Edmonton out of the category of frontier towns, and make it appeal to one as a public-spirited northern capital.

Indeed, public spirit is precisely the dominant impression produced on the visitor by Edmonton and by Alberta. One feels there that one is in a *milieu* where the people have been thinking and acting, not sectionally but collectively, not locally but provincially. There is a feeling in the air, as there has scarcely yet been in Manitoba, that the Commonwealth, as such, is an object of the people's devotion. Manitoba has been split into all kinds of sections and fractions, and has lain, to far too great a degree, in a morass of separatism. The only considerable achievement of Manitoba, after nearly half a century of history, is the material prosperity of the City of Winnipeg.

I am persuaded that no small factor in promoting the progressiveness of Alberta has been the boldness and instinct of leadership of the Government and Legislature of that Province in imposing, so to say, at once a bold and well-conceived University policy. And after, say, seven years, see what the result is. The site of the University of Alberta lies

at the very threshold of the city. Now that the High Level Bridge is in use a walk of twenty minutes brings one from the University to the centre of the town. Already, after seven years, the Faculty numbers about forty-five; in other words is as large as our own forty years after the date of our foundation. Already the Government of Alberta has expended two million dollars in buildings and in improvement of the 250-acre site. On the University property already have been erected three large, though rather unimpressive residential halls, called respectively Athabasca, Assiniboia, and Pembina Halls; twelve or thirteen professors' residences; and lastly a \$600,000 Arts Building, which is being occupied for the first time this Fall. In this last building the work of administration and the classes in the Arts and the Sciences will be for the time carried on; but the plans call for the erection from time to time of separate buildings for the Sciences and for Administration. This is to say nothing of a separate library building and an imposing Convocation Hall, which latter is to crown the very bank of the river. But the striking thing about it all, is the way the University is already established in the thought and the regard of the people. The people have gladly accepted Governmental leadership in the matter of education, and realize now, as by a sort of after-thought, that it is precisely the natural thing that education should be worthily provided for from the outset of their collective life.

A University, worthily enough housed to bulk up before all the people, to strike its imagination, to dignify its life, and offer a rallying point for its collective aspiration, is essential to the right development of a Province. I do not think there is any one thing that would go farther to make the intellectual and spiritual atmosphere of Manitoba answer fairly to our material prosperity and to the competence of our people, than a worthy and prompt provision for our Provincial University.

### More Puzzling

*The Manitoban* has decided to discontinue its puzzle page, as being too simple, and will soon start a new column entitled, “How to Do the Latest Dance-Steps,” fully explained with diagrams and photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Wrassle.

## THE TRIALS OF TIMOTHY TUMBLE

A DRAWMUH IN HALF-AN-ACT

*Shakespeared by J. Frank Leslie, '14*

*Scene*—A lumber mill in the fashionable part of a city.

The mill is decorated, here and there, by pretty signs of mildew, "No Smoking Aloud," and some very stagey and discouraged shavings. A cardboard saw, into which the villain is to be thrown, lies against the wall. To it is attached a belt from above—not a Heavenly belt, just one operated by a stagehand.

All is ready for some good old red-hot melodrama.

A clock strikes three and a half times. It is midnight.

Through a door on the left the moon is shining; on the right, the sun is blazing through a window; and through a skylight in the roof come great flashes of dazzling starlight.

Off-stage two voices are heard in gentlemanly orations over a piece of obstinate scenery. The curtain-raiser leads in prayer, after which the non-boulevardish boulevard scene is lifted; and the play can begin.

A *propos de rien* a man enters. It is none other than Timothy Tumble. He is a shortish tall man with an aged look of youth and a barber's boycott aspect. He looks as though a plate of beans would do him good, and two orders do him up completely. He speaks:

*Timothy Tumble*—"Aha! aha! a-ha-ha! (sick laughter). I've followed you, followed you, followed you; yes, three times have I followed you. From the copying room I have traced you, from the blacksmith shop I have shoed you—ah, coward! You would not stay there; you were afraid of the bellows. You thought the noise would give you away. Aw-w-w-w, don't fear! Nothing would give you away, for no one would take you. You! You! You!"

He comes to this point in the speech and his voice drops off.

Suddenly realizing that he is alone on the stage, he goes to the door on the left and yells: "Hey, Bill! Where are you? Y' oughta be in this here scene. Aint yu comin'?"

A pause. Then a half-dressed actor appears and timidly walks to the centre of stage. He has a pair of overalls scrambled over regular apparel, some eyebrow pencil markings on each cheek, rouge marks on his shirt, and his coat is hither or thither, but not in its right place. He stands still, in all his glory and uncertainty.

Timothy Tumble repeats his part.

*T.T.*—"———— you! you! you!"

*Second Actor* (Victor Vandal by name)—"Me! me! Yes, me!"

*T.T.*—"Yes, you! And her! How about her? You and your villainy that brought her to this—to this, the sawfullest sawmill in Mucktown. There she is! Look at her! Will you take her now or have her sent up C.O.D.?"

"Isabel, oh, my incessant Isabel! Look at him! Look at Victor! Oh, incorrigible Isabel!"

Then, noticing that Isabel has failed to arrive on the job: "Oh, doggone it! Invisible Isabel!"

*T.T.* hikes into the wings and growls: "For the love Mike, Ethel, leave that there powder rag and come on; you're ten minutes late!"

Action procrastinated until a tired, overpowdered, superblonded heroine arrives. (All previous stuff repeated.)

*T.T.*—"Speak! speak! Either of you—one of you—anyone of you—all of you—or into yonder saw you go and the world shall know you no more except as mincemeat. Don't dare to draw your pistol, Villainous Victor! (Victor hadn't budged far enough to displace an atom of air). I mean every word I say, whether I speak or not. I'm not to be trifled with. My commands are law!"

He goes to the saw and places his hand thereon. It falls to pieces. The operator upstairs, thinking it a signal, starts the belt. The belt catches *T.T.* and then sprawls him over the shavings. General Disorder takes command, and the scenery falls just before the curtain does likewise.

An announcer appears and remarks: "Ladies and gentlemen! Because of a sudden indisposition on the part of the leading man, "The Trials of Timothy Tumble" will not go on. In its place Miss Canrora Lowdah will render her latest song success, "Will You Love Me When I Use a Safety Razor?" "

## UNIVERSITY COLORS

*To the Editor:*

Some discussion has arisen among the Colleges concerning an article which appeared in the *Free Press* of Friday, Nov. 5th, headed, "University to Have New Colors." The article was erroneous. The University, including all of the affiliated Colleges, still retains the colors, old gold and brown. The Yale blue and white are the colors of 'Varsity College only. At an open lecture on Friday morning, an appeal was made to the students and faculty of 'Varsity College to make more extensive use of their colors. There is no intention of changing the University colors.

W.T.S., '16.

'Varsity.

Rider—"Why didn't you sound your horn when you saw the man in the road?"

Driver—"I thought it would be more humane if he never knew what hit him."

She was a girl from Nokomis,

He was a 'Varsity man.

They spent the summer together,

In a most approved of plan.

And when they returned to the city.

People said, "What a disgrace!"

For each of the pair was sunburned,

On the opposite side of the face.

Exchange

"Say, jeweller, why won't my watch keep time."

"The hands won't behave, sir; there's a girl in the case."

# THE MANITOBAN

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NOVEMBER, 1915



## EDITORIAL



Since our last issue certain changes have occurred in the staff of *The Manitoban*, to which *Changes* your attention is called. Our former business manager, Mr. Bruce Chown, has been granted a commission in the 37th Battery, C.F.A. He is succeeded by Glynn Cousley, our former Arts Editor.

The former Editor-in-chief, Mr. Harry H. Williams, has resigned his position, and is succeeded by P. G. Hiebert, '16, of 'Varsity College.

*The Manitoban* thanks Messrs. Williams and Chown for their excellent services in the past, and wishes Lieutenant Chown a safe and speedy return.



Over a year has passed since *The Manitoban* was first given to the world. It has been a long over-a-year. Editors have come and gone, and the dark shadows of oblivion have threatened our flickering existence. But we have not succumbed; we have not despaired. *The Manitoban* still appears, and the thoughtful Buffalo on the cover still gazes mournfully into space. With hope in our heart do we face the Winter. We know that when the first blue-eyed crocus of Spring appears we shall appear with it, and are confident that if we shall not have passed into the great beyond, we shall not have passed into the hands of the receiver.

Over a year ago we came into being. On this, the bright morning of our anniversary, we will attempt to outline the future policy of *The Manitoban*, and to state definitely what we stand for in literature and what we do not stand for.

Before taking anything like a definite stand, in fact before taking anything, the Editor interviewed a large number of students and professors in the hope of discovering their desire regarding our beautiful journal. We have received advice from the Graduate down to the Freshman; from the philosopher down to the Doctor of Philosophy.\* "Make it lively," came the plaintive bleat of the budding idiot. "Cut out the juvenility," hoarsed the deep thinker. It is indeed hard to reconcile

\* The kindness of the Canadian Government has enabled us to use this mot. Hitherto you have been protected against Heine's remarks by the copyright law.

the two schools of thought. A compromise would but mean a tone of adult idiocy, which would be incompatible with our academic dignity, so we will attempt to transcend the two attitudes.

It is quite unnecessary to state that, owing to the fact that *The Manitoban* appears but once a month, it cannot be regarded as a newspaper. Nevertheless we state it. Important events in the University will be chronicled, but unless they are important they are liable to be regarded as antiques before the weary month has joined its fellows. Consequently *The Manitoban* will aim to be chiefly of literary value.

Representing as it does such varied interests, the character of *The Manitoban* must necessarily be composite. The Freshman will be interested in the column devoted to athletics; the theological student will be interested in the column devoted to theology; the medical student in the ladies' column, and the faculty in the editorials. Nevertheless, those articles which directly or indirectly concern our University, should be of vital interest to all; and those contributors of purely literary merit, whether prose or poem, whether humorous or serious, should have a wide appeal. Hence we solicit, above all, contributions concerning University life and problems, and any other literary product of worth. These, then, shall constitute the foundation of our journalistic creed for the term of 1915-16.

Let us also have more criticism, especially negative criticism. Shades of George Bernard Shaw! Can we never escape the old and worm-eaten dogma that destructive criticism destroys? Destructive criticism merely clears away the rubbish so that we may plant a garden of poppies. Therefore criticize *The Manitoban* briefly and bitterly, and as long as you are sincere it will do us both good.

And, lest we forget, a few words concerning our editorials. If a journal of such diversified ramifications as *The Manitoban* can be said to have a tone, remember that this tone is not determined by the editorials, which nobody reads, but rather by the contributions of our local savants. In our editorials we do not intend to insult your intelligence by solving the questions which we raise, but any subject which we consider may interest the student body will be discussed fearlessly and with the wisdom culled from years of moil.

Moreover, as a special inducement to new subscribers, we shall reserve a portion of our editorial page for a few heart-to-heart talks, under the caption: "Drinking Hemlock With the Editor." Needless to say, these bitter paragraphs will be more purely literary than literarily pure. They are intended to give you an insight into the workings of a great journal and to supplement the editorials.

Finally, the staff of *The Manitoban* is a competent one, and if an extra good edition of our snuff-colored journal should ever appear, you will then know that the Editor has been leaning on his staff.



We have been asked to write an editorial which will bring the Freshman trooping joyfully to the football games, parliament meetings, etc. As a matter of fact, why should *The Freshman Problem* they attend? The four or five short years spent at the University are of the greatest importance in establishing the basic principles which are to guide us in our daily

walk. The material for a philosophy of life is everywhere, and even from the most petty experience, a great principle may be derived. But how shall the material be interpreted and the principles be incorporated into our lives, if not by reflection and contemplation? Therefore, let the man who is interested in sports attend the games, and the man who would take a walk, let him follow his inclination. We have no desire to advocate an attitude of selfish individualism, but we must not fail to remember that an intelligent and intense individualism comprehends altruism, and that duty is but a relative term.

Still, as few Freshmen ever reflect or contemplate, perhaps it would be just as well if they turned out to root.



You are earnestly requested to support those advertisers who support your paper. We have accepted advertisements only from reliable firms, so that you need have no hesitation in dealing with them. Moreover, if you will casually mention *The Manitoban* it will enable us to secure more advertisements from these firms, and thus to give you a larger and better paper.



In addition to the usual réchauffé, our next issue will contain a few words about each of the new members of the Faculty at the University, and an article by one of our graduates entitled: "Word Pictures and Views of American Cities, with a Winnipeg Viewpoint."

## DRINKING HEMLOCK WITH THE EDITOR

It is evident that the presence of ladies in a College, lends a tone of formality and conservatism to the student body. A few days ago, we had the pleasure of attending a meeting of the Medical students, when there were no ladies present. The spirit of Bohemianism and healthy disregard for the unities, simply warmed our heart.

The University is to be complimented on its earnest efforts to bring the students of the various colleges together. The series of lectures to University students, of which Professor Buller's lecture on "Evolution" was the first, is going to do a lot to create a better feeling, and presages the bright pink dawn of a better day.

The brand of loyalty shown by students to their respective colleges is positively disgusting. During Professor Buller's lecture last Friday, we walked along the hall, hoping to get some College colors to wear in our hat. Among 400 hats and coats, we couldn't find a single bit of ribbon with which to show our loyalty. It is to weep.

During the last week we have received five unsigned letters, each containing this sad cry:

Dear Editor—Where is Seven Oaks?

Well, we'll be the goat. Where?

Much may be said about initiation, but the most damning argument against it is that it is out of

date. But as we still retain much at our University which is out of date, we suggest an annual debate between the Sophomores and Freshmen on: "Is the Horse of Greater Value Than the Cow?"

We are in receipt of the following cruel remarks:

*Editor of The Manitoban*

In Ryle's commentary on Genesis i, 3 (Cambridge Bible) the following sentence occurs: "The unscientific notions of the Israelite have received in regard to light an unexpected illustration from modern discovery; but we must be careful not to suppose that there is any resemblance between the Hebrew picture of the creation of light, and modern theories respecting light and the ether of infinite space."

Will some kindly and learned science student deign to throw light upon the darkness of this profound observation for the benefit of a bewildered "theolog?"

J. H. S., '16.

The following interesting sentence is taken verbatim from the report of the Royal Commission, 1910. We offer it for your consideration.

"On a careful review, therefore, of the situation, it is evident that the University cannot serve five masters—one public, and four denominational—and that we dare not build our educational house upon the shifting sands of denominational convenience."

From the Golden Books:

What is more truly romantic,  
And what more picturesque,  
Than the picture  
Of the sad young wife,  
Silently leading her husband  
Into the night?

What strange pathos in a scene  
Like that "Ah Undine!"

Short letters and bits of literary frondescence to this department will be gratefully received.

By the way, what has become of our University Students' Council, or has it gone the way of all flesh? We have strained the following from the University Colander:

"The purpose of the Council is to act as a medium of communication between the students of the University, . . . to promote University spirit among the students, etc., etc., etc."

Whereupon we tittered audibly.

Do your Christmas shopping early.—Adv.

I doubt. Therefore I aint.

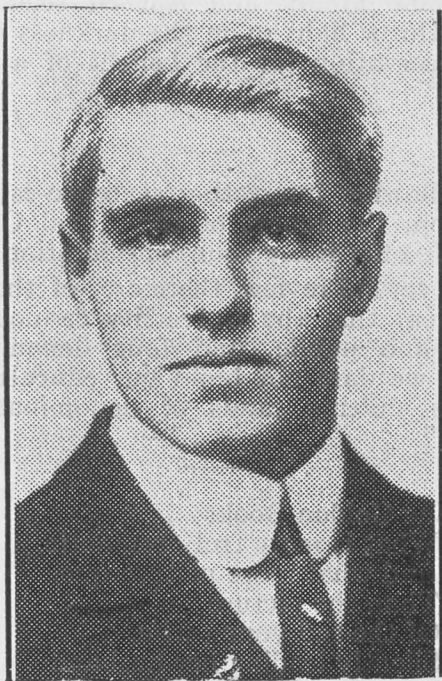
Our next month's Hemlock drink will be mixed with a little tincture of iron, to give irony to the column.

P.G.

## In Memoriam

### LIEUT. JOHN EDWARD REYNOLDS, 8th BATT.

The subject of this sketch, better known to the legal profession and law student body, as well as College students of the past seven years, as "Brew" or Brewster Reynolds, first came to the notice of the writer in the year 1907, when he entered Manitoba College Matriculation Class of 1907-8. An Englishman of the highest type, and a gentleman throughout, he came from a line



of military men, his forefathers on the paternal side all having been army officers, his father being a retired officer, I believe, of the Coldstream Guards, and now occupying a staff position in France, it may be readily understood why "Brew" Reynolds should be among the very first to offer his services to his King and country.

Lieutenant Reynolds was liked exceedingly well by all with whom he came in contact. He was a man of the most sunny disposition, endowed with an extraordinary physique and strength, and a first-class athlete, especially in the game of rugby. The writer, having been his most intimate friend in Winnipeg, finds it very hard to do justice to the memory of such a man. There are many personal incidents which I could give to illustrate the sterling qualities of the subject of this sketch, but knowing the nature of the man, and knowing that he did not like publicity, I shall refrain from giving them. Those who knew him throughout his career as a College student, Law student and soldier, feel in the depth of their hearts that when Lieutenant Reynolds was called upon to give up his life, there passed away a thorough English gentleman and soldier.

*Fletcher A. MacDonald.*

### PTE. H. D. GILL, 32nd BATTALION

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

Pte. H. D. Gill is better known to the students of the University as D'Arcy. He was the son of Rev. Canon Gill, and spent the earlier part of his life at Minnedosa. He graduated in Law in the Fall of 1914, and was called to the bar. During his career as Law student he held various offices in the Law Students' Executive, being, in fact, a member of the committee which finally laid the question of a law school before the law student body. He was also one of the organizers of intercollegiate curling, and received no small part of the honors won by Law, in the early days of curling as an intercollegiate sport. He joined the 32nd Battalion shortly after graduating, and left for England last Spring. It was through his bosom friend, Pte. Pearson, that the news of his death first reached his parents.

D'Arcy was always a favorite in College circles, always pleasant, and always ready to assist in anything that



would be instrumental in bettering the Law student body. The Law profession has lost an able member of their association, and Canada has lost a soldier of the highest type.

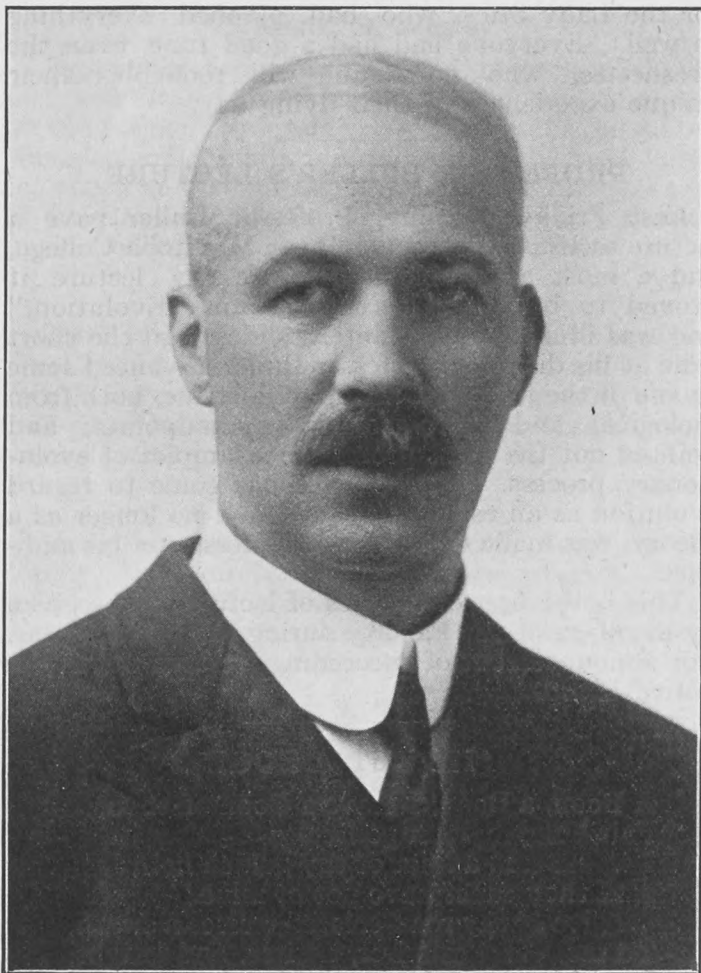
The Law students, together with all the other branches of the University, endorse my sentiments in extending to D'Arcy's parents and relatives, the deepest sympathy upon their sacrifice in parting from one so noble and so true.

*J. H. S.*

**DR. J. W. MACMILLAN**

The Rev. John Walker Macmillan is a son of the manse—the son of a father almost as mighty in stature as he is himself, and superior to the son in that his eloquence was poured forth in Gaelic as well as in English. The son was trained in the University of Toronto and in Knox College and has occupied pastoral charges in Vancouver, in Lindsay, in Winnipeg and in Halifax.

When Manitoba College resolved to establish a professorship in Social Ethics—the first professorship in this subject in any Canadian College—the members of the Board looked about for a man who had special fitness for the task of training young men to discharge the duty which the Church owes to



DR. J. W. MACMILLAN

society. Careful preparation had been made to equip men to deliver a saving message addressed to the individual, but training for leadership in social service had until now been left to haphazard or occasional effort. The members of the Board did not scan the horizon long before they discovered the very man for the place in the person of Dr. Macmillan—the man who in Vancouver had vindicated for the Church a place as a centre of charitable activities, who in Lindsay had been a leader in wholesome sports, and who in Winnipeg and Halifax had addressed himself to the housing problem and to the prohibition of apartment blocks marked by windowless rooms and like atrocities, with such effect that a recent report of the Commission of Conservation confesses that the only provinces which had an adequate definition of what a tenement is, and an adequate treatment of the tenement

question are Manitoba and Nova Scotia; and for these clauses, Dr. Macmillan deserves the credit.

When Dr. Macmillan was leaving his pastorate in Winnipeg six years ago, a building contractor of this city "speeded the parting guest" with the rueful comment that the recently adopted housing by-law, many of the clauses of which had been drafted by Dr. Macmillan, had cost him a thousand dollars in obliging him to revise and make more sanitary and wholesome the plans of an apartment block he was about to build.

Dr. Macmillan is a preacher of genuine power and persuasiveness. His fine literary touch and his sympathetic human interest bring him into friendly relations with any audience from the time when he stands up before them. And best of all, he is a manly man—a man's man—whom it will do any student good to know.

**RELIGIOUS FAITH AND INTELLECT**

(S. J. Helman '15)

It is not my intention within the short space allotted to enter into any discussion of the mutual compatability of religious faith and of the intellect. What I am going to express here is simply my honest and firmly rooted opinion on the matter.

It has usually been the method of religion to disparage the use of the mind; and, certainly, one must admit, in matters of religion, the intellect does not carry one very far. In the end, in religion as in friendship, and in general human relations and conduct of life, the function of the intellect is to examine and to judge and that of the heart to carry on, in faith and with courage, the work thus begun.

Doubtless, any attempt to fathom the scheme of the universe, to cope intellectually with its vast, unsearchable issues, must result in failure, and usually disastrous failure; and yet, though we admit this to be true, it is quite evident that whatever creative Providence rules over us demands from us the active use of the intellect, for we suffer the consequences of our mistakes as well as of our sins. Let a man build himself a life on an erroneous theory and every attempt to move forward will lead him to disaster as surely as if he were deliberately pursuing a career of crime. To accept on faith and without questioning any dogmatic scheme of ethics or theory of creation will invariably lead into a morass. *The intellectual act must both follow and precede the emotional.* Life is at every step a problem; and to apply the intellect to the problem is literally the formation of the human machine and the extinction of the monkey and the ape. There is a reward too in hard thinking just as there is in exercise. There is a pleasure in feeling the mental fibres grow stronger; there is in our mental efforts an open door out of ourselves into the larger worlds. Intellect tears away the bonds of limitation.

To my mind then, any religion which discourages the application of the intellect to the problems of life and death makes a mistake and a very grave mistake. They miss the true issue of religion. To make out what we can of the meaning of life, if there is a meaning, and then to act upon such knowledge as we have, whether for success or for failure, is the essence of a true religious life.



## THE COLLEGE GIRL

The fact that *The Manitoban* has commenced its second volume proves that it is appreciated by the University students. It is certain that it will continue to be an important factor in unifying the student life and interests of the many scattered groups into which our University is necessarily separated—chiefly by reason of inadequate building accommodation.

This space is devoted to the College Girl. Let us take advantage of it and use it, not merely to chronicle meetings and social events, but to contribute stories, articles and humorous incidents.

We are all anxious to receive our copy of this magazine as soon as it is published. Try to make this the page to which everyone first turns, knowing that it will contain something of interest to all.

### RED CROSS WORK

Since, as their poster says, the University girls cannot fight for their flag, they have decided to help the soldiers by forming Red Cross Societies, in conjunction with the wives of the Faculty.

To further this end, a mass meeting was held in Convocation Hall on the afternoon of October 28th. Lady Aikins presided, and inspiring addresses were delivered by Miss Jamieson, and the Rev. Mr. Hindley. After this the ladies proceeded to organize into two societies, one of Wesley College and the other of Varsity and St. John's Colleges combined.

Much enthusiasm is shown for the cause, and it is hoped that a great deal of useful work may be accomplished during the coming winter.

### 'VARSITY INITIATES FRESHETTES, TRA-LA

On Wednesday, October 20th, the Varsity Freshettes were solemnly admitted into the inner sisterhood of the College. As soon as she entered the hall of the "Deaf and Dumb" her locks, abundant or otherwise, were unpinned and left flowing as in the days of infancy; her hands were firmly tied behind her back, and a bandage placed over her frightened eyes. Then the ignoble "F" was branded on her forehead. The next ordeal was an upward climb. A confused crowd of conductors and conducted soon thronged the upper hall, awaiting admittance to the inner sanctuary. At last came the fateful moment. She was ushered into a gloomy cell, where she had to kneel in the dust, and swear a solemn vow of loyalty to her College and homage to her superiors. When this rite had been concluded, she was conducted to the ghost chamber, where the bandage was removed to reveal the full extent of the horrors. By a dim and ghastly light, three white robed figures were seen, one moaning and wringing its hands, another rattling chains, and another repeating awful words. The cringing Fresh-

ette had to kiss the clammy hand of the speaker, after which her bandage was again applied.

She was next conducted to an outer lighted chamber, and made to suffer for certain sins of omission. One by one three hard-hearted dames questioned her about her short comings, and administered doses of awful concoctions. One was for missing Parliament, one was for missing Field Day, and one for missing the V.W.A. meeting. No one took these passively, and considerable force had to be exerted in several cases.

When all had been punished, victims and spectators sat down on the floor, and tests were applied to see what kind of sports the Freshettes were. They were voted jolly good ones, so every one felt free to attack the refreshments. When the usual yells had been given, cheers were raised for Miss Bisset, and for the Lady Stick, who had planned everything so well. Everyone had had a good time, even the Freshettes, who no doubt will remember their unique experiences to their dying day.

### PROFESSOR BULLER'S LECTURE

Last Friday morning, Professor Buller gave a lecture to University students, at Manitoba College, and a most admirable and interesting lecture it proved to be. The lecture was on "Evolution," and was illustrated by lantern slides. In the short time at his disposal, Professor Buller advanced some proofs of the famous Darwinian doctrine, both from biological and astro-geological standpoints; and pointed out the most prominent examples of evolutionary process. That science has come to regard evolution as an established fact, and no longer as a theory, was made clear by the Professor on his audience.

This is the first of a series of lectures to be given by members of the Faculty during the present year. For announcement of succeeding lectures watch the notice board.

### 'TIS BUT A BOON

A Boon, a Boon, I crave a Boon of thou,  
Fair Demoiselle, superfine!  
I would fain a knot of thy golden hair,  
And thou canst have not of mine.  
Oh give of thy roan-colored tresses a swath,  
To me, thine admirer, desirer, and knight,  
I would wear it, beside my beating heart,  
Next to the skin, 'till death doth us part.

—h—.

### THE LOVER'S CHOICE

A maid unto her lover sternly said:  
"Forego the Indian weed before we wed;  
"For smoke take flame; I'll be that flame's bright fanner;  
To have your Anna, give up your Havana.  
The wretch, when thus she brought him to the scratch,  
Lit the cigar, and threw away the match.

Exchange.

Mrs. E. X. Change—"You are not yourself to-night, Ernest; what are you worrying about?"

Mr. E. X. C. (absently)—"May wheat."

Mrs. E.X.C. (icily)—"Really, I don't believe I've had the pleasure of meeting the lady."



### FOOTBALL

The football season is here with all the enthusiasm which usually characterizes this greatest of intercollegiate games.

#### Meds. vs. Wesley

The senior series was opened by a remarkably fast and clean game between Wesley and Medicals on the former's grounds. For a beginner the match was a splendid exhibition of football, the boys showing speed and condition, and in spite of the closeness of the play, the referee, R. Ritchie, had no difficulty in controlling the teams. There was no score.

#### Wesley 2, St. John's 1.

Good playing characterized the match between Wesley and St. John's on the Wesley grounds. St. John's were the first to score on a long shot, but at half-time the tables turned. Wesley secured a score from a penalty kick and later Morris made it 2-1.

#### 'Varsity vs. Meds.

Meds. were held down to another draw by the Varsity boys on Manitoba College grounds. The lack of scores is evidence of a keenly contested game, but despite strenuous efforts neither side were able to get past the goalkeepers.

#### Wesley 2, 'Varsity 0

Wesley assumed the head of the league when they clashed with 'Varsity on Monday, November 1st. Enthusiasm ran high both on the field and side lines. Early in the game, Gardiner of Wesley, incurred the displeasure of Referee Holmes, and was sent to the fence, leaving Wesley to finish with ten men. Despite this handicap, Gibben found an opening and scored, Morris making it 2-0 in second half.

Another clash occurred with only a few minutes to play and Cousley, 'Varsity's goal custodian, drew a banishment sentence.

#### Agricultural vs. St. John's

The Agricultural team made its debut in the senior series in one of the hardest fought games of the season, by drawing with St. John's on the latter's grounds.

The teams were well matched and neither scored, the defence being too strong for the attack in each case.

As we go to press the standing of the Senior teams is as follows:

	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points
Wesley.....	2	0	1	5
Medicals.....	1	0	2	4
St. John's.....	0	1	2	2
'Varsity.....	0	1	1	1
Agricultural.....	0	0	1	1

### Junior Series

There has also been some good exhibitions of football in the Junior games, but some of the teams have fatal weaknesses which will no doubt be overcome as the season progresses. In the Junior teams the men are new to each other in the majority of cases and time is consequently required for adjustment.

The standing of the Junior teams:

	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points
Engineers.....	2	0	0	4
Varsity.....	2	0	0	4
Schools.....	1	0	0	2
Pharmacy.....	0	0	1	1
St. John's.....	0	0	1	1
Agricultural.....	0	1	0	0

We regret that Law found it necessary to withdraw from the series. They have material of a high order to whose work we were looking forward with a great deal of pleasure. However, they will doubtless come back strong at a future date.

### SPORT NOTES

It may seem somewhat out of place to talk of curling during these delightful days, but now is the time to organize.

No intercollegiate tennis matches have been played because of lack of organization, and we cannot afford to let curling go by in the same way. If you are interested talk it up.

What about a University rink, or special nights on which University students from the various col-

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leges may meet and enjoy themselves? This question has never been satisfactorily dealt with in the past. Let us get busy.

The intercollegiate Basketball Association has entered two teams for the Crowe Trophy, but little is as yet being done to develop the new material which must be available throughout the various student bodies. Field day and the line-up on the football field this year give ample proof of what can be done with new material. We are looking forward to an interesting intercollegiate series.

The new arrangement for football officials in the Senior games is having several good effects. Games are commencing more punctually and the strict checks given to all tricky work is bound to develop a more sportsmanlike attitude among the players.

The Athletic Editor would be pleased to receive articles from anyone who may have suggestions to make. His address is Room 9, Wesley College. You are invited to help make this branch of *The Manitoban* a real live one.

We can scarcely agree with S.L.F. in his attitude towards sports and military training, while we admire his patriotism. It is a peculiar feature of the game that the leaders in military work are also our leaders in sport in the majority of cases. Students are making a business of the military department of our work and are conscientiously aiming at

efficiency, but to suppress the sports in order to promote the military work would be a great mistake. A glance at the University Honor Roll should convince all that Athletic activity is a great asset to military efficiency.

### ODE TO A TURKEY GOBBLER

(Dedicated to the Author of "To a Sea-Gull")

Oh turkey gobbler! fitful, proud,  
Who walkest about and squockest loud,  
With maudlin joys:  
Who hold'st thy tail emblazoned high  
And scan'st me with thy doubtful eye  
And makest noise.

Oh turkey gobbler! wide of wings,  
Thou eat'st the little bugs and things  
That cross thy path;  
Or gobbling free in dulcet notes,  
Thou tak'st the barley and the oats,  
From him who hath.

Oh turkey gobbler! with thy feet,  
Thou scratchest soil in search of wheat,  
And findest aught;  
Or all a large, yet free from harm,  
Doest vaunt thyself against the barn,  
And fearest not.

Oh turkey gobbler! 'mid the ducks,  
'Mid roosters wild, 'mid frenzied clucks,  
Thou eats thy way;  
Enjoyest free the mud and stone,  
And hunks of brick and bits of bone,  
From day to day.

Oh turkey gobbler! can it be,  
That I should pine whil'st thou art free,  
Oh turkey gobbler?  
That I must work while thou doest eat  
The chunks of rock from off the street,  
Oh turkey, turkey gobbler?

—Pearl G., '17.

### IL DRUMERO

Just take a slant at the drummer, boys, and watch him wobble the stick. His figure's becoming, for one doing drumming, and Oswald, he does it some slick. He puts the go in the dancing, without him the movies are dead; altho the act's bum he is there with the drum when the trapeezer lights on his head.

The drummer is very resourceful; he practices most every morn. It don't get his goat to play a footnote—he does it upon a shoe-horn. He bangs the bells in the funeral scene, and gladsomely wallops the snare, when Count Decolleté reviews for Pathé the annual Allentown fair. Then blithely he toots on his honker for the vaudeville automobile. If he didn't do so you never would know that the thing was supposed to be real. He blows the siren for storm scenes and jingles some shot for rain. He makes water swish with beans in a dish and toots for the onrushing train. His mind is a mighty maze marvel. Does he train for his work? Yes, my Lord. The time he's not drumming he spends not by bumming, but in driving a second-hand Ford.—Cornell Widow.

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## CAMPUS NOTES

## THE HALLOWE'EN PARADE

To Editor *Manitoba* which repute to be  
Man. Univ. Journal.

Dear Sir:

Last Nov. 30 night my friend Nogi and I are passing thru Winnipeg to Pac. Coast. We have hour until next train so walk thru streets. We hear loud noises of mirth and chin-ticklings with hon. feather-duster.

"What are celebration?" I quereate from crowd.

"This are Halloe'en night," they elucide.

Passing up the street we come to scene of great excitement, much people look on at attack against gray, gloomy stone building. We are detracted by tinkling glass and falling water noises which percolate thru war cries.

"What are suffragette demon-straightening?" I innocuously nudge standerby.

"This are Univ. of Man. students make attack on Hon. Methodist Coll. every Oct. 31st (thirty-one)," he say back with superior wisdom. Then I see crowd of students with wet-like look march down street. And Nogi and I take jitney beer and surface-car ride to train.

Back in smoking car I postulate to Nogi, "This are not Hon. Univ. for poor Japanese student even as you and I."

"Why?" he return eyebrowishly.

Then I fix Nogi with stern high-wise eye, and Socratise thusly.

"What are spirit of Halloe'en festiveness?"

"Ah!" Nogi rave, "It are spirit of Mardi Gras of Quartier Latin of New Year's eve in New York!"

"Explicate!" I require.

"It are time of revolt against tradition and convention! It are gay, free spirit which burn convention in effergy!! It are Bohemia bubbling out onto the streets!!!"

"Is this poured-out Bohemia good thing for cities?" I thirst.

"Yes," Nogi return eagerly. "Inner-cent revel take place of mebbe more serious revolt. If give freedom one night, no trouble."

"What are place of Univ. student in city life," I further require from Nogi as I blow cigarette smoke ringishly.

He regard me with quizzical frownishness as if I wander.

"It are place of leadership," he satisfy.

"Have hon. Univ. student leadership in Halloe'en frolic?" I pant.

"Yes," backfire Nogi, "more than any other time."

"Then," I triumph, "what are student life that follow tradition of make Anglo-Sexton black-boarding school manoeuvre in best Kelvin Teck. manner against Hon. Meth. College every Oct. 31 (thirty-one); who look like make tick-tack on Hon. Crummey's bedroom window next year? What kind leadership in spill Bohemianism on Winnipeg streets every

Halloe'en do hon. Man. Univ. students have?"

But Nogi have retreated, so he can dib no more; and I enjoy new cigarette with Diogenish disappointment.

Hoping you are the same,

*Hashimura Togi.*

(Per Hewhommencall G. White.)

## 'VARSITY NOTES

## Hallowe'en Celebration

'Varsity let itself out a few joints by celebrating Hallowe'en. The Sherbrooke Street building was the scene of operations, and the several (four) years were well prepared for the occasion in costume and programme; each year having a room in which to disport itself and cause ripples of laughter.

Room I.—Here the Freshies, dressed as hoboos, some in costume, disgraced themselves to the best of their ability, some even going so far as to fall out of a basket, or to have their fortunes told by beautiful gypsies.

Room II.—Ghosts. "I do not like that word." Coons. "Black villains that they are!" Oracles. "They tell me there was a pretty girl behind that mask."

Room III.—Juniors, stunts, ducking for apples. Bah! But oh, what queens!

Room IV.—Here the Seniors held a field meet. Since it was Monday night, it was successful. But had it been Friday, ah, there would have been no meet.

Did I hear you say "raw"?

After all the rooms had been visited, refreshments were served, and some light dancing done. Members of Faculty were present and claim to have passed an enjoyable evening. The students claim that it was the pleasant evening which passed them.

(Signed) *Tucker*

## '16 Class

The '16s held a little class party in the Sherbrooke Street Building late in October. A perfect moonlight evening, good roads, pleasant company, high-powered automobiles, pretty girls, music, cards, dancing, refreshments and speeches, all contributed to the success of the occasion. Mrs. Martin and Miss Matchet won the prizes in the "500" contest. Professor Martin, the Honorary President, and C. R. Smith gave a few words of encouragement to the class, and mentioned the many members who had enlisted since the last social function. On leaving, Herby Tobias is said to have remarked that since the soldiers had been quartered in the building we could expect to find a few dumb-dumb bullets lying around.

That man Bryers dances well!

Who said that Dug Rosen could play tennis?

It was a '16 who spotted the joke in Professor Buller's lecture; Dr. Somebody's new book, "The Beginning of the World, in 1901."

Our brilliant doubter, Frank Rodin, is back at College. He is still slightly pale, but is regaining his color rapidly.

McMillan is collecting again. Beat it, boys, here he comes.

Mr. Baker (*in the Grillparzer lecture*)—"When we see a cherry blossom we admire its delicate fragility; but when it finally ripens into an apple, we want a good sound apple."

What! no jokes from the girls this month?

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## THE ROSERY

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## '17 Class Notes

The '17s had their first class party of the year last Friday evening. First the class went to the Dominion Theatre where a jovial and happy time was spent watching the denouement of the very comical play "The Misleading Lady," then returned to the Sherbrooke Street Building where a very appetizing lunch was served. A letter to the class from their former classmate Val Schweitzer was read and Professor Jolliffe, the Honorary President of the class, gave some very sound advice. Then, after giving a lusty yell, the class disbanded.

Fowler, the lady-killer of the '17s, wants to know the address of Eva Lution.

Overheard 'in the ladies' parlor—Is Mr. Hillhouse really an ex-convict?

## '18 Notes

On Tuesday, October 26th, the Sophs held their first social affair of the season, it taking the form of a picnic at Elm Park. The merry crowd left the University early in the afternoon, and on reaching the park proceeded to enjoy themselves in various ways. In the big event of the day, Gunn's redoubtable baseball nine (nine boys and nine girls), "put it over" Kennedy's aggregation of slab artists to the tune of 17-15, thereby winning the cup that was hung up for the contest (on a tree). The "camp-fire" supper that followed was delicious, the "hot dogs" having soon ceased their struggles for life. After this, more wood was piled on the fire and happy songs began to float across the moonlit river. When all the songs they knew had been sung the Sophs repaired to the home of Miss Bingeman, '18, where several pleasant hours were passed.

Well! well! We are pleased to know that H. Ralph Maybank resides with his mother.

At Logic—Miss C. to Dr. W: "Well, if you don't follow your religion you're a hypocrite." Dr. W.: "Well, I'm not following it very well."

## MEDICAL NOTES

Our genial friend Charlie Burns has returned after doing a little research work in farm-ology.

Jimmie Torrance slept in again this morning.

Diseases come and ailments go, but Boyles hang on forever.

We regret the loss of Dr. Moorhead, Professor of Medicine, who has been called to the war front. The best wishes of the students go with him.

A most successful meeting of the Students' Association was held on Friday evening, the 5th inst. After a few selections by the newly-organized College Orchestra, the speaker of the evening, Dr. J. R. Davidson, B.A., Honorary President of the Association, was introduced. In a very excellent address on the subject, "Impressions Gathered from My Experience as a Practitioner," he gave advice to the boys to "go in and win," in all phases of college life. Members of

**DR. DOUGLAS BROWN**  
Dentist

Phone M. 5744

638 Somerset Bldg.

the Association feel that they have made a very happy choice in electing him as Honorary President. Other numbers on the programme included a couple of well-rendered solos by Mr. D. Wheeler, and a reading by Mr. Harry Williams entitled, "The New Pathology," which opened up another field for research work.

Doctor (*to interpreter in Outdoor Department*)—Tell the patient to return in a fortnight.

Interpreter (*speaking in English*)—Come back in two weeks.

Doctor (*aside, to class*)—Nice to be able to speak two languages, isn't it?

We have heard on very good authority that two of the leading lights of the '17 Class wended their way the other night to a certain hall where the terpsichorean art is indulged in and met with such good fortune that we can well understand the saying, "Let George do it."

The next regular meeting of the Students' Association will take the form of an informal dance in the College Building. Select your partners, gentlemen.

Student—May I have the handball?

Tom—No, sir; it is just four seconds to ten yet.

At a business meeting of the Students' Association on Friday, the 5th, a committee was appointed to arrange for the annual College dinner. If the calibre of the committee is an indication, the event should prove one of the most successful in the history of the M.M.C.

There is another star appearing on the handball horizon and we would advise Joe and Colly to look out or their laurels will be snatched away from them. Dig Wheeler, of hockey fame, has broken into the game.

Visitors to the College wishing to see any member of the Second Year are advised to go to the handball department first. It usually saves time.

### WESLEY NOTES

The Dramatic Executive announce that on November 19th they will stage a short playlet, "The Will," by J. M. Barry.

Interclass debates are well under way. The first victory goes to Theology, who defeated first year on the resolution that "The Action of Great Britain in Offering Cyprus to Greece was Justified." Fourth Year won from the Juniors on the question of "Compulsory Service."

A tennis tournament is under way, but has been delayed by recent bad weather.

We are looking forward with pleasure to an address by the Rev. Stuart Roussel, B.A., B.Sc., B.D., of Paris. His subject will be "Huguenot France, Alsace and the War." Miss Blanche Roussel will sing. The date is November 15th and a hearty invitation is extended to all University students. See notices later.

Preparations are being made for an oration contest to be held November 26th.

Friday, November 5th, was Patriotic Night at Lit. A patriotic programme was

followed by a shower of presents for our boys in the trenches. An interesting feature of the programme was an address from a former Wesley boy who was wounded at the Battle of Ypres.

### Doings of Wesley Theologs

The Wesley Probationers' Society under the leadership of A. Rose and his executive, has entered upon a new policy and taken on a new lease of life.

At the first meeting Dr. Crummy addressed the society on the work and character of the Christian ministry. The principal received a warm reception, as he always does, and as usual gave a very illuminative and inspiring lecture.

The second meeting was held in the Convocation Hall and was addressed by Dr. G. M. Campbell, a distinguished orator from Mount Allison University. Dr. Campbell gave some practical advice for young ministers.

Dr. Stansfield, who came to hold evangelistic services in the churches of the city, was invited to speak to the society on October 29th. The students were much interested in listening to this eloquent Yorkshireman, who has won such distinction in the United States.

Theology scored the first victory of the interclass debating series by defeating the First Year on Monday, November 1st, on the question of whether England was justified in offering to Greece the island of Cyprus as an inducement to enter the war. The Theologs were represented by A. W. Mullett and J. W. Hall.

Owing to the large number of Theological men who are on active military service, or taking the place of ministers who have gone to the front, there are fewer Theologs at Wesley than usual. But those who are at College are entering more fully and enthusiastically than ever into student activities.

G. H. Lord, A. O. Rose, B.A., and G. L. Waite are among the Alumni of Wesley who are back taking post-graduate work.

A. E. Whitehouse, B.A., was in for a few weeks but is now in Eyebrow, Sask., taking the place of H. Westwood, who is doing medical work at the front.

### ENGINEERING NOTES

The Engineers' dance, held at Manitoba Hall, was a great success. There were present about 30 couples, and every one was there for a good time. The patronesses were Mrs. O. H. O'Reilly and Mrs. Rowse. Mr. Hooper, the Convener, is to be complimented on its success.

The '18 Class is off with a rush this year. They have had two social functions, which took place at the home of A. Penrose and at H. McFadyen's. Both were very successful. The class is also having a dinner every month, the first of which took place at the Y.M.C.A. last month.

Three members of the '18 Class have answered the call of the Empire. These are R. W. Summerscales, J. Sterling and V. McLean.

The Engineering Society are holding a dance at the Fort Garry Hotel, towards the end of November. This promises to be "the dance" of the College season.

The football team is going through the series without a defeat. The following games have been played: St. John's 1, Engineers 0; Agricultural 1, Engineers 2; Wesley 0, Engineers 0.

Things we like to know:

H. McFadyen broke the unique record

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in attendance in Prof. Warren's calculus class the other day.

Where did the H—get the whitewash Saturday night?

Prof. McCl. in lecture on Electrostatics to Second Year—The earth cannot be satisfied potentially.

The Earth—How dry I am.

Where did Bodie get his semi-ready cigarettes?

There is a difference:

First Engineer—Are you learning to dance?

Second Engineer—No, I am only taking lessons.

Fourth Year Highway Construction:

E.L.B.—What is a team?

McPherson—Two horses and a wagon.

Prof. E—B—J—What is the approximate amount of soap used in the average family per week—er—er Mr. Crouch?

Third Year is growing another moustache, and a challenge has been issued to any other year to produce one similar.

Why did the Freshmen wear sweaters all last week?

At drill:

Dr. W.—Number!

Davis—Two.

### MANITOBA NOTES

We welcome back to our circle Charles Finnemore who was detained through a severe attack of typhoid fever. His old-time smile is a ray of sunlight in 'Toba's halls these days.

The "right hand of fellowship" is extended to Wm. Macpherson, '15, who has graced our Theological body with his presence. We expect great things from "Wullie" during his theological course, and afterward.

Rev. James Whillans, '08, has been appointed military secretary of the Y.M.C.A. and now holds the rank of Captain. Balmoral regrets his departure, but the soldier boys will benefit by Mr. Whillan's efforts.

A very familiar face was seen around the halls during the past week. Alex Skinner, '14, has returned to Winnipeg to enlist, first in the ranks of the 79th Camerons, and second, in the ranks of

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the benedicts; being married to Miss Isabel Macgregor, B.A., on Wednesday, November 3rd. Alex has been attending Theological classes at Knox College, Toronto, but the call of the West has been too strong for him. We extend our hearty congratulations for both enterprises, and hope more students will follow his lead.

We note with satisfaction that a goodly percentage of our Theological students are taking military training with the C.O. T.C. There is room for the remainder; come along, boys, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 5 o'clock.

#### Manitoba Theology

A reception was tendered on Friday evening, Oct. 15th, in Manitoba College Convocation Hall, to the new students, and to the Rev. Dr. J. W. MacMillan, M.A., who was recently inducted into the new chair of Social Ethics and Practical Theology. All present pronounced the reception phenomenally successful. The miscellaneous programme was gone through in a gracefulness that everyone admired. The chair was fittingly occupied by the Rev. Dr. Baird, who in a few appropriate remarks consoled with the Freshmen, and gave a concise and definite outline of the splendid work of the College. He then announced that circumstances necessitated Mr. Crowe's absence. The gloom which fell on the countenances of the Theologs at this announcement was a sufficient testimony to the place Mr. Crowe has in their hearts.

Speeches, solos, music and promenading provided entertainment throughout the evening. Drs. MacMillan, Fleming and Perry delivered brief but brilliant addresses. Miss Sutherland, in a graceful manner, gave three recitations. Miss Newell and Mrs. J. Savage gave piano selections. Miss Ross, Mr. Rodden and Mr. Studd added much to the evening's entertainment by rendering solos, while Mr. Gibb played. Mr. Holmes contributed two splendid cornet selections. James Wilson gave a demonstration of his poetical genius, which thrilled the students to the very marrow of their bones.

The programme, being ended, refreshments were served.

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#### LAW NOTES

##### Law Tennis Tournament

Fisher.....	Bissett.....	Siddall.....	} Foot
Bissett.....	Siddall.....	.....	
Richardson.....	Siddall.....	.....	
Siddall.....	.....	.....	
Ireland.....	Ireland.....	.....	
Rogers.....	.....	.....	
Foot.....	Foot.....	Foot.....	} Foot
Campbell.....	.....	.....	

Score: 7-5, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2.

#### ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

##### Theological Notes

Half of this term has passed, and everything is going along well. We have all settled down to our various duties, and are reminded that exams are rapidly approaching.

The Church Society has arranged a good programme of addresses this term. Our beloved Warden has given us some beautiful thoughts in his addresses on Wednesday evenings as a preparation for Holy Communion on Thursday mornings.

On Friday, Oct. 22nd, the Rev. Canon Jeffrey, M.A., B.D., gave a most inspiring sermon on the Holy Eucharist, and pleaded for its restoration as the chief service on the Lord's Day. On Thursday evening, Nov. 4th, at evensong, a most helpful and interesting address on "The Russian Church" was given by the Rev. F. C. Chapman, B.A., of Morden. He revealed the character of the Russian people and particularly their religious zeal, in such a way as to convince us of the truth of the expression "Holy Russia." One of the results of this war, he stated, would no doubt be the strengthening of the ties of friendship between the British and the Russians and a great move in the direction of Christian unity.

Our College Missionary Society is continuing its study classes on Tuesday, Nov. 9th, when a paper read by the late Canon Burman on Indian Missions in the Province of Rupertsland, at the C.M.S. Conference, 1893, will be read and discussed.

One of our students, P. A. Northam, has just enlisted in the 78th Battalion. We shall greatly miss him in the College halls. His familiar voice rebuking the erring ones and giving advice to those in need, will no longer be heard. Our loving thoughts will go out with him and our prayers will be for his safe return. God bless him.

Owing to the large Ordination Class last year there are not so many Theological students in this year, and the mission list is heavy. Nevertheless we count it a great honor and privilege to do our little share in the great and important work in this part of Christ's vineyard.

#### PHARMACY NOTES

Bennett—Yes that's dihydroxyphthalphonone. (Collapse of class.)

Ernie is still looking for that maltese cross; or was it a star-fish?

Bodley—Bennett's here!

Has anyone seen Charlie?

Have you written anything for *The Manitoban*?

#### Pharmacy vs. St. John's

An interesting game was played on the Wesley grounds between Pharmacy and St. John's. The first half was slow, St. John's scoring one goal. In the second half Pharmacy played in fine style, scoring one goal. The result was a tie, 1-1.

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Scene—The Golden Gate with beautiful pink and drab cloudlets hung here and there.

Characters—Saint Peter and a new arrival from Manitoba.

St. Peter—Welcome to our little city. I suppose your transport is all O.K.

Student—Sure.

St. Peter—Just a few questions before we grant you the freedom of Heaven. Of course you were always kind and considerate to both dumb and human animals?

Student—Yes, indeed.

St. Peter—Patriotic, patronizing, enthusiastic?

Student—Most assuredly.

St. Peter (unlocking and opening the gates)—Then, of course, since all these things are true, you contributed to *The Manitoban* as well as paying your subscription?

Student—Why, er—er—no. I really hadn't time to —

St. Peter (banging the golden gates till the inlaid pearl cracks and falls out in hunks)—Then you're in the wrong place, young feller. Express elevator leaves in fifteen minutes.

#### I'm From Missouri

U. Mor.—What is variety?

Cy. Nic—Variety, my boy, is what makes a woman wear diaphanous lingerie and silk stockings with a tailored suit.

Buck—I'm going to see a swell Jane this evening.

Mugsy—Couldn't you dig up one for me?

Buck—Wouldn't you just as soon have a live one?

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## PHARMACY AND THE UNIVERSITY

In most European countries, pharmaceutical education receives far greater attention than in the British Empire. Modern pharmacy is very different from the mysterious and awful "art" practised by the ancient apothecary, whose pharmaceutical blunderbus was filled literally with "slugs and snails and puppy dog's tails," and all sorts of unmentionable horrors.

The art of prescribing has become a science, and the dispenser must have a sound knowledge of the materials he is dealing with. This necessitates a grounding in the sciences, more especially of chemistry, which is becoming of increasing importance to pharmacy. Obviously, the place to obtain such training is the place best fitted to impart it, namely, the University.

Some of the great men of science have been associated with pharmacy. Among others, Scheel, Vaquelin, Sir Humphrey Davy, and Dumas, are outstanding names. These men did much to put the study of chemistry on a truly scientific basis, and were all at some time in their career pharmacists. The late Professor Erlich, and the greatest of all therapeutists, Pasteur, were, it is needless to add, not pharmacists but pathologists, yet a great part of their work was in the realm of pharmaceutical chemistry, and as the result of their labors the cause and then the cure, or better still, the means of prevention of many diseases, were discovered.

It is safe to say that all of us have far humbler paths to tread, but let us not lack a high ideal, both during our student days and after graduation, do all in our power to support and be a credit to our Alma Mater, and if we fall short of the ideal, let us be able to say at the end, "at least I have done my best," and to merit, when we have finished with this world, the epitaph to be found in an English village churchyard, "He was a man without guile and an apothecary without ostentation."

*C. J. Bodle, Pharmacy '16.*

### Here's a Deep One

If it takes a thousand legged worm twenty-four hours to kick a hole in a banana, how long will it take it to fatten a broken lead pencil on leather shoe strings at 10c a quart?

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